pumpkins n' cannibals

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pumpkins n' cannibals

by doctormissy

Summary

It's Halloween. Will brings pumpkins and invites some friends from FBI over for dinner... but Hannibal has never celebrated the holiday before, which he doesn't know.

Notes

Written for #ThePumpkinIsPeople, Hannibal Cre-ate-ive's Halloween event, again. This one's full of domesticity, because only I think of that first, before blood and gore ;) No, really. Consider yourselves warned. Inspired by those pics of Hugh with pumpkins. All mistakes are mine. Sorry for the title, I didn't have ideas.

See the end of the work for more notes

The front door swung open fiercely, with force worthy of a penetrator coming to take away all valuables and do odious things to the owner in case he happens to be inside while the burglary takes place. Hannibal sharpened his senses and rose from the armchair he's been sitting in for the past two hours with a book.

However, there was no need to be vigilant, as his nose told him mere seconds later. He smelt his usual aftershave, fabric softener from his clothes, fresh October breeze, and… pumpkins? It was only Will, who wasn't in a position to use his hands to open the door as customary, which had apparently something to do with the big orange vegetables.

"Hannibal, give me a little help here?" the incoming man shouted, gasping a little. Hannibal heard him kick the door closed and slowly shuffle towards the living space of their house.

He approached him as quickly as he could with the pack demanding for goodies and scratches running around his feet. Seeing Will carrying two very large pumpkins on his shoulders – and smiling at him – proved him true about the smell. It has never disappointed him.

Although, the real question was: why was Will carrying pumpkins as large, and what did they need them for?

Hannibal let go of the thought for the moment and took one of the marrows from his partner to disburden him. "What's the occasion, Will?" he asked, trying to sound as casual as usual. The weight of the vegetable was quite unexpected.

"You know it's Halloween, right, love?"

"Yes, of course. The holiday of all hallows. And also of all dead."

"Then why do you need to ask, isn't it clear?" Will's smile grew wider, as they walked to the kitchen, both holding one pumpkin in their arms. "I'll do the decorations, you'll make dinner. I invited a few guys over if you're okay with it—?"

Even if Hannibal disagreed, Will put it as a fact, if feeling a bit guilty about not informing him, and there was no changing it now sans embarrassing phone calls and plenty of apologies to their FBI friends, or who was it that Will had invited. For dinner. Out of the blue.

Then it occurred to him. Did Will truly intend to celebrate Halloween – in the traditional American way, with carved pumpkins, drinking, company of other people, offering treats to carolling children? That wasn't exactly a part of the nature of the antisocial Will he had known. A lot has changed since their relationship became open – it was as if Will himself has become more open.

"How many, exactly?"

"Um… Bev, Price, Zeller, Jack and his wife, Alana… I'm not sure if she will be able to come, though." Will put the marrow on the counter and turned to face Hannibal. He rubbed the back of his neck with his hand in a manner of nervousness and uncertainty. Did he feel

bad for inviting his friend because of what had happened between the three of them recently, when his and Will's involvement came to light?

Hannibal, having laid the piece of vegetable aside a while ago, moved closer to Will and put his arms round the man's waist. He leant in to plant a welcome kiss on his lips. He was gone only for a few hours, yet he missed him terribly already.

"If you doubt Alana will come because she isn't entirely alright with us given her feeling towards you, then I can assure you she seemed to be quite reconciled with our relationship when I spoke to her at the campus yesterday," Hannibal said as they parted. But he really didn't want this conversation to be about Alana. "But more importantly, when were you planning on telling me you had such plans for tonight, Will?"

Will's eyes shone with realisation. "Tell me you have celebrated Halloween before, Hannibal?" The man in question was silent. Unusual, for the psychiatrist whose job was to talk to people and help them with their problems.

"You haven't. Oh damn, Hannibal, we have a lot to catch up on then. Forget about dinner for now, you're carving jack-o'-lanterns with me. That's an order," said the younger man solemnly and pulled in for another kiss, entwining his hands behind Hannibal's neck. They were cold enough to send shivers down his spine.

Their bodies were pressed tightly to each other. Will leant backwards, his back resting against the counter, eyes closed. He pulled Hannibal with him; their lips never breaking off contact.

A silent moan escaped Will's throat as Hannibal pulled his upper lip in his mouth and sucked at it, leaving it red and swollen. Will gave him a bite on his lower lip, not even trying to be gentle before he broke the kiss to catch a breath and move to press a line of tender kisses along the corner of his mouth, jaw, and neck. Hannibal was so fucking irresistible.

Hannibal loved having Will moan for him, scream for him, beg under him. He loved kissing him, being kissed by him, having him close. He loved *him*. Simple as that – but was it always as simple?

Will's hands were tangled in Hannibal's hair. Hannibal's hands moved from his waist lower, to grab him by his thighs and lift him to sit on the counter. Will instinctively wrapped his legs round Hannibal's waist to hold him close and let the man feel his rising erection press against his belly as he showered him with more and more kisses. The pumpkins lay next to Will forgotten.

Arousal penetrated both their bodies like electricity. Their cheeks were flushing, pupils dilated, cocks hard. Will moaned against Hannibal's lips once more in anticipation of more. He really wanted to feel those skilful lips somewhere else than just his mouth right now.

Hannibal pulled back, breathing rapidly. However, he's never returned to Will's lips again. "We should probably stop right here before there are no pumpkins and no dinner at all," he whispered, because that would be exactly what would happen if they didn't. Once Will and he went at it, they wouldn't get out of bed for hours. Yet, the tone of his voice made it clear

that he and his cock would be very disappointed if they did. He too wanted more, oh God so more. Will was the one to start kissing him like that after all.

Will frowned, holding Hannibal's face in his hands. "Fuck, Hannibal, I want you so goddamn much," he panted, "but they're going to arrive in two hours. I hate it when you're right."

"And I hate to have you unsatisfied, darling. I promise I'll fulfil all of your filthy fantasies, but *later*."

"I have something to look forward to then."

"Oh, you most definitely do, Will," Hannibal pulled in for one last kiss and let go of his lover's back to allow him to jump down from the kitchen island. Both their erections were gone now, the moment over.

Oh, where he would be if it weren't for his Will who had shown him Halloween could be more than a stupid commercial holiday full of ugly cucurbits and annoying children? Where he would be without love?

Procuring himself dinner in form of a rude cashier or someone of the sort, served with sauce from pumpkins and star anise and a bottle of vintage red wine, somewhere in the centre of Baltimore, most probably, but that was beside the point.

Speaking of, "As for recipes, do you have anything particular in mind, Will?" He already thought of a few meals they could prepare, but he wanted to give Will a chance as well, even though he was most likely going to reject it. He looked him in the eye and put his arms round his body again. He could never get enough of touching Will, now when he was his and he was Will's.

"I thought of using the pumpkin flesh once we gouge it out, perhaps with a pork roast?" Will cocked his head.

"Excellent idea. But may I suggest veal liver with pumpkin, mushroom, and bacon stuffing on red Porto instead? And we might even prepare pumpkin desserts."

"Then we should better get down to it, since gouging pumpkins is more exhausting and time-wasting than it might seem." Will got out of the grip of Hannibal's hands. He walked two steps to the drawers and took a large knife.

You have no idea, Will, thought Hannibal, because while he might have never prepared a Halloween pumpkin, he had experience with similar procedures when utilising the victims of another part of his complex persona, the Chesapeake Ripper.

"Alright, so first you need to cut off the top and then take a large spoon for the seeds…"

End Notes

I love to torture my readers, if you know what I mean ;) I actually wrote that blowjob, but then I thought, hell no, this is gonna be better. So. Hope you liked it :)

As for recipes, that's the only problem I have with this fandom. I took that one from a newspaper magazine... And no, I don't really think Hanners would've never celebrated Halloween.

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